



Billy Hargrove's Cookie by Miss_Nocturna

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Summary:

Based very loosely off of scenes in Stranger Things (season 2).
Billy Hargrove isn't a douchebag though.

Billy Hargrove's Cookie



Billy Hargrove, the most sought after guy in High School, maybe even of his age range of the entire town of Hawkins...*and he was all yours*. He was cocky, no doubt, but one of the absolute sweetest men and friends anyone could ask for. Billy knew he was attractive but he'd grown past having one way conversations with girls who just wanted a quick fuck so they could say "I had sex with Billy Hargrove" to all of their little girlfriends. He still wanted sex, but he wanted it with meaning. You two had been dating for about 6 months, which is about 5 months longer than most typical relationships seemed to last from that age frame and despite all, it was pretty serious. You were his jewel and every time you two met up it was like the first time you'd ever set eyes on each other, which was when you two locked eyes from several tables over in the lunch room. There wasn't an ounce of shyness in Billy to make him hesitate in strutting over to your lunch table and charming you with his smile.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon on a beautiful but cool Friday and the both of you had extracurricular activities after school; his was basketball. At the beginning of the year Billy and his best friend Steve Harrington signed up and made the team with no effort and a few days a week after school stayed after for practice. Word was stirring around the school that Billy and Steve had a secret *affaire de coeur* going on as they were always together when Billy wasn't with you, but you knew better. When you're dating the most eligible High Schooler in all of Hawkins, Indiana you're bound to hear things, many deflecting an obvious diversion of jealousy and wanting what you two shared, even if it meant pinning a false label of homosexuality on two people who were nothing more than friends and soul mates. High School kids were right nasty and mean.

After gathering your backpack from the locker and slamming it shut, you walked down the hallway towards the school exit and just before

pushing open the clear, heavy door a smile rushes across your face as you see Billy. Billy'd been let out of practice a little early and had moved his car up close to the curb. He stood, arms folded and a Marlboro half hanging out of in between his pink lips with his back pushed up against his late 70's Camaro LT. Aside from no shirt and that blue jean jacket he liked to wear, Billy was wearing his short, green 80's length Hawkins Phys. Ed shorts which were enough to give the whole school a flash had he bent over to pick something up. A bulge was clearly visible outlining the vestige of that scrumptious looking dick. Obscured slightly by crossed arms was his chiseled flat, muscular stomach. Aside from the entire shebang, the most eye-catching thing to you was the smile Billy had on his face as you stepped out of those doors and into the freedom of the weekend and warmth of his welcoming expression. He was truly breathtaking. An Adonis.

"Hey, beautiful, are you ready to go?" Billy says as he embraces you. It was truly a mystery how that cigarette dangled out of his lips as he talked without crashing down to the concrete. But he loved his Marlboros.

"That's an understatement! Let's get outta here, sexy.", you pecked Billy right on his cheek as he opened the door to his gorgeous sports car to let you in. One of his most prized possessions after you and it was almost as blue as those tight, stare inducing blue jeans he wore at least once a week. Whatever cologne he'd been carrying with him and used after his shower was enough to curl your toes as your lips left his cheek and the smell lifted up from his neck.

"You're gonna catch a cold with a wet head like that!" you add as Billy steps in on his side and turns the key, revving the engine a couple of times to show off. The ringlets of his butterscotch blonde hair were still dripping slightly from showering.

Billy pulls a lighter out of the console and lights up another smoke and turns his head to you, *"You'll just have to warm me up tonight."*, he smiles and peels tires as you head out of school grounds.

The entire 20 minute drive to your house is full of laughter and flirting. It's the type of young love you wanted to be perpetual and

was driven by so many different factors that you thought separated your relationship with Billy from others. His eyes were on you more than they were on the road and it made a feeling well up inside of you that no matter how many times you felt it in his presence, it felt like the first time. Any time he could, Billy leaned over and kissed you or playfully bit your neck, laughing when the touch of his mouth to your skin made you giggle or the way his breath caressed you as he whispered and made you blush. Your hand never leaves his lap the entire duration of the ride and presses up against the warmth of his inner thigh. The cock that you'd noticed the outline of when meeting Billy outside of the school as it pressed up against his gym shorts was just centimeters away from your fingertips and you could tell he was semi-hard. It took all of the restraint in the world to tame that voice inside of your head telling you to grab it. But before you know it the blue Camaro pulls into your driveway behind your parents' car and Billy puts it in park.

"What time are your parents leaving tonight?", Billy asked with a one-sided smile forming on his face, ideas forming in his mind.

"Around 6 o'clock. Be here at 7."

Billy pulls you close to him and gently places a soft kiss on your lips before pulling away and latching his eyes onto yours, *"I'll be here right at 7. Any moment of time away from you is a moment I've unnecessarily wasted."*



Before your backpack hits the floor of your bedroom Dad calls you downstairs. Not wanting to give any reason for change of plot for tonight's events you follow his voice down to the kitchen where he and Mom are standing, fully garmented and wearing their coats as if ready to leave.

"Where are you going? I thought you weren't leaving until later." you asked, hope building up in your gut.

"Your Grandmother's expecting us sooner than we'd planned, plus it's

a long drive. I wanted to get on the road before it gets dark." Dad answered.

"Honey," your Mom chimes in. You know exactly what's about to be brought up *"..won't you come with us? I hate leaving you all by yourself, especially on a weekend night."*

"I'll be fine, Mom! I'm not twelve!" not knowing what level of agitation is suitable to discourage any suspicion or last minute reasons for them to stay home.

"That Hargrove boy won't be coming over here will he?" Dad asks before Mom can.

You roll your eyes and exhale dramatically. There it was. You knew the topic of Billy was coming. *"Absolutely not! Billy was going to pick up Steve to hang out right as soon as he dropped me off!"* (Lie.)

Both parents looked at each other to cogitate silently and figure out whether they believed you. After about a decade's worth of silence your parents shrugged and surrendered.

"Are you sure you don't wanna come with us then?" Mom asks, clasping her hands together as if pleading would change your mind.

"No, please just go and have a good time! Give Grandma a kiss for me." your voice was almost too persuasive and pushy.

Dad picks up the satchel containing both parents' change of clothes and toiletries before opening the front door and walking out behind your Mother, *"You will call us if you need anything?"*

"Yes, Dad...I won't set the house on fire, I'll behave, I'll clean up after myself, blah blah blah..." you laughed

After another long minute of lecturing your parents finally got in the car. You wave and close the door behind you and run over to the window to watch from between a small crack in the blinds. After your parents finally pull off you look at the wall clock which read 4:48. By this account you could get ready, call Billy with the surprise news and have him over by 5:30 or 6:00!

Running three at a time up the stairs you run into the bathroom, shedding clothing as you do, and hop in the shower to prepare for the love and sex you'd been craving the entire, drawn out fucking week.

Meanwhile on the other end of town, your other half has already showered again and is wasting time waiting for your signal. Billy snaps his Zippo closed and inhales in on his cigarette, tilting his head back to insufflate its contents before blowing it out at the bare air above. Metallica blares out of a corner of the room from a Panasonic boombox as Billy toys with his hair and sprays Aqua Net on it and stares back at his reflection in the mirror, pumped from not only the music but from the events to follow. What man doesn't get excited when he's gonna be alone with his girl? Billy tips the contents of a cologne bottle (your absolute **favorite** "fuck me right now" cologne) to his wrist before rubbing them together and across his neck. He twists to the side and checks out his ass in his second favorite pair of blue jeans and a red button shirt with only the bottom three buttons fastened. Billy leans down close to watch himself smoke a cigarette, winking.

Sliding through all of the unsatisfactory clothes in your closet in disgust you perk up when you find the shirt hiding in the back that Billy had given to you a couple of weeks prior that smelled just like him. You press it to your face and inebriate yourself with its aroma of cologne and a faint hint of cigarette. Pulling it over your head to rest on your bare breasts you pull out a pair of lacy panties and short shorts before collapsing on your back onto the bed and picking up the cord phone to call Billy's phone number.

Billy picks up on the second ring, *"Hello?*

"They're already gone! They left early!" Your very own words put a smile on your face a mile wide and butterflies began forming in your stomach.

Billy threw his brown jacket on to fight off the approaching afternoon air, turned off his blaring music and was speeding across town in his Camaro like a badass just seconds later.

It was probably the quickest drive Billy had made to your house to date. It was 5:30 on the dot and Fall was taunting with the idea of

Winter and the Sun had already set. You always knew when he was coming from a block away from the sound of his engine. Billy pulls up, sitting in his car for a few seconds toying in the rear view mirror as you run around the house dimming this light and turning on that lamp until the whole home was illuminated with a soft, orange glow.

The doorbell rings and you open the door.

"Hi!" Billy says, smiling, checking you up and down as you do the same. *"You look absolutely fucking sexy in my shirt."*

"Well I hope I look sexier without it!", you couldn't even hold back your flirtatious replies before he even walked in the door. But he gives you that *oh you will!* type of look before you remember your manners, *"Come in! It's freezing outside!"*

Billy steps inside the warmth of your parent-free home and pulls off his jacket and places it on a chair, revealing a teasingly and barely buttoned collar shirt that exposed a necklace dangling against his chest.

With absolutely no intentions of giving yourself to him so early on, you wanted to make him an endeavor and to let that arousal rise within you both before you gave yourself to him. *"Come into the kitchen, my parents left me with an entire jar of lemon cookies! They must trust me!"*, you call behind you with laughter as Billy follows you into the kitchen.





Billy leaned against the kitchen counter with his right elbow providing support and a cookie in his left hand as you sat on a barstool across from him. He never once takes his eyes off of you while you each took turns passing sweet nothings. Every little detail of him was beautiful. He had various rings strewn about his fingers, an earring dangling from his left ear and a beautiful glow to his skin which was only amplified in the light of the lamps you'd turned on right before he came in the house. He kept his facial hair trimmed close to the skin and it was so proportionate and flattering against his sweet face. That beautiful little forelock laid lazily just below his hairline and you just knew Billy stood in front of the mirror every day trying to get it to cooperate and stay in place. It was only inches above his blue eyes, now dilated in the shade of altered lighting and simply because he was looking at someone he loved.

"Do you think we'll be together forever, Billy?", not an uncommon or inappropriate question to ask, you don't think, after being together for a good chunk of time.

After a brief silence Billy raises his left hand and takes a bite of his cookie with a *snap*, blinking so lightly and gracefully at you that you're not even sure his eyelids met. Nobody's ever been able to make eating a cookie look so seductive. His voice was so captivating with a slight rasp that only you paid attention to *"Always, baby..."*, he answered with a smile showing his perfectly lined teeth and a tiny dimple above on his left cheek that only made its presence when Billy

was persistent in seducing you. After finishing his cookie Billy grasps your hand in his and presses it against his chest just below the necklace, guiding it downward until it meets where it's buttoned. You know what he's insinuating.

"I wanna take this slow. We've got the entire house to ourselves all night."

"Anything you want, baby.", Billy says, picking you up underneath your ass and placing you up on the counter in front of him and standing in between your splayed thighs. He plants a kiss on your forehead and guides your hands once more to his shirt buttons and you obey his silent orders, unbuttoning his shirt and sliding him out of it by the collar. The closeness of your nose to his neck reveals the exciting scent of his cologne and all your mind tells you is that self control was non-existent, you'd ravage him before his heart could make the next beat.

"Lay back..", he says, just above a whisper. Just as you lay back Billy gently pulls you by the thighs towards him, removing your shorts and tossing them on the floor. He plants angel soft kisses on each of your inner thighs before kissing your pussy over top of your underwear. You tremble as a chill waves over you and Billy trails his mouth all the way up until he meets each of your breasts. First encircling your left nipple with his warm, wet tongue you bite your lower lip and whine beneath your lips as Billy moves over to the right side, giving the same attention to your heightening sensitivity and a wetness forms down below. Billy looks up into your eyes, imitating you by biting his lower lip and that inviting smile, clearly taking note that you're getting hornier by the second, *"Do you like that?"*, he asks.

"Mmhmm..", the only suitable response on your end. Billy trails the rest of the way up your body, lightly pressing the weight of his bare, warm chest against you and his cock is begging to be released from his jeans as it rests just two thin articles of clothing away from being inside of you. *Just a little longer.* Pressing his lips to yours in an invitation you willingly oblige and take Billy's tongue to yours. The subtle hint of cookie transmits to your mouth as both of your tongues intertwine in a sweet tasting dance, your hands running the lengths of each others' bodies and you grab at Billy's pants button to hint.

Billy pulls away *"Let's do it upstairs in your bed."* he smiles, slightly

breathless.

"Wherever you want, I just know I'm ready and I want you now!", insistence in your voice, reaching out for him.

Billy backs away and shakes his head with a not-so-fast expression running across his face. *"But I'm not done teasing you yet..."*

Before you could react Billy had pulled you into his arms and raced up the stairs, tossing you onto the bed playfully. He slowly unbuttons his pants, watching you watch him as he slides them down and reveals himself at full, glorious attention. He was beautiful all the way from his head of thick, curly, wild blonde and light brown hair, to his chiseled stomach, proportional sized dick and all the way down to his well groomed feet. Never in a million years, no matter how many times he embraced you or made love to you, could you imagine that he'd be yours. Billy climbs into bed and props his head up onto one arm, the scent of lemon cookie infinitesimally hanging on and mixes in with his cologne as he stares into your eyes.

"Kiss me.", you plead. You knew he was dying for the reunion of both of your bodies into one just as much as you were.

Billy pulls you close to him and into a kiss, resting the head of his dick in between your thighs. You pull your panties down but Billy helps the rest of the way, flinging them onto the floor as you roll onto your back and invite him. Obliging, he lays on top of you and imposes his weight, enveloping his body to yours as he situates his cock to teasingly burrow between your legs. Running his hand the length of your torso and ass, Billy pulls your left thigh up as he slowly slides into you, joining your bodies in a communion of pure bliss as both of you moan beneath your breath. You grab his firm ass and pull him into you as deep as your body will allow, guiding him to make slow, abysmal strokes as each one taunts closer and closer to a release. Eye contact is never broken as the two of you stare right through each other into a perfect world made up of a constant state of euphoria. Billy's blue eyes stare deep into yours only inches away from your own when he pins your wrists behind your head and you succumb to his pursuits, conversing with moans and a respiring language of your own. You feel him stiffen as his peak nears and pull him close to you, curling the hair of the back of his head into your

grasp as if to telepathize the taming of an untamed and unbridled horse.

"*Cum for be, baby!*", Billy beckons as he quickens his pace and thrust. Seconds later that unmistakable influx of orgasm rushes over you as your muscles spasm, rolling your eyes back in your head and taking Billy over the edge with you as he closes his eyes and moans, surrendering every ounce of love he'd built up and erupting into you. A blissful feeling that could undo any amount of anesthesia. The combustion of a fire with inextinguishable flames. Both of you fed a desire that was aching to be unshackled.

Billy takes your lips to his once more and groans beneath his breath, exhausted of all of his committal as you both bask in the much needed elation. Small little beads of sweat had formed and began sailing down his skin as he lie there inside of you in a bond of one you never wanted to separate. He releases your hands and rolls over onto his side of the bed, staring up at the ceiling while lighting a cigarette. "You..." Billy tries to catch his breath "...*are absolutely amazing.*"

"*Don't surrender yet.*" you chuckle, looking over at your clock, only just 7:30. "*We've got all night.*"